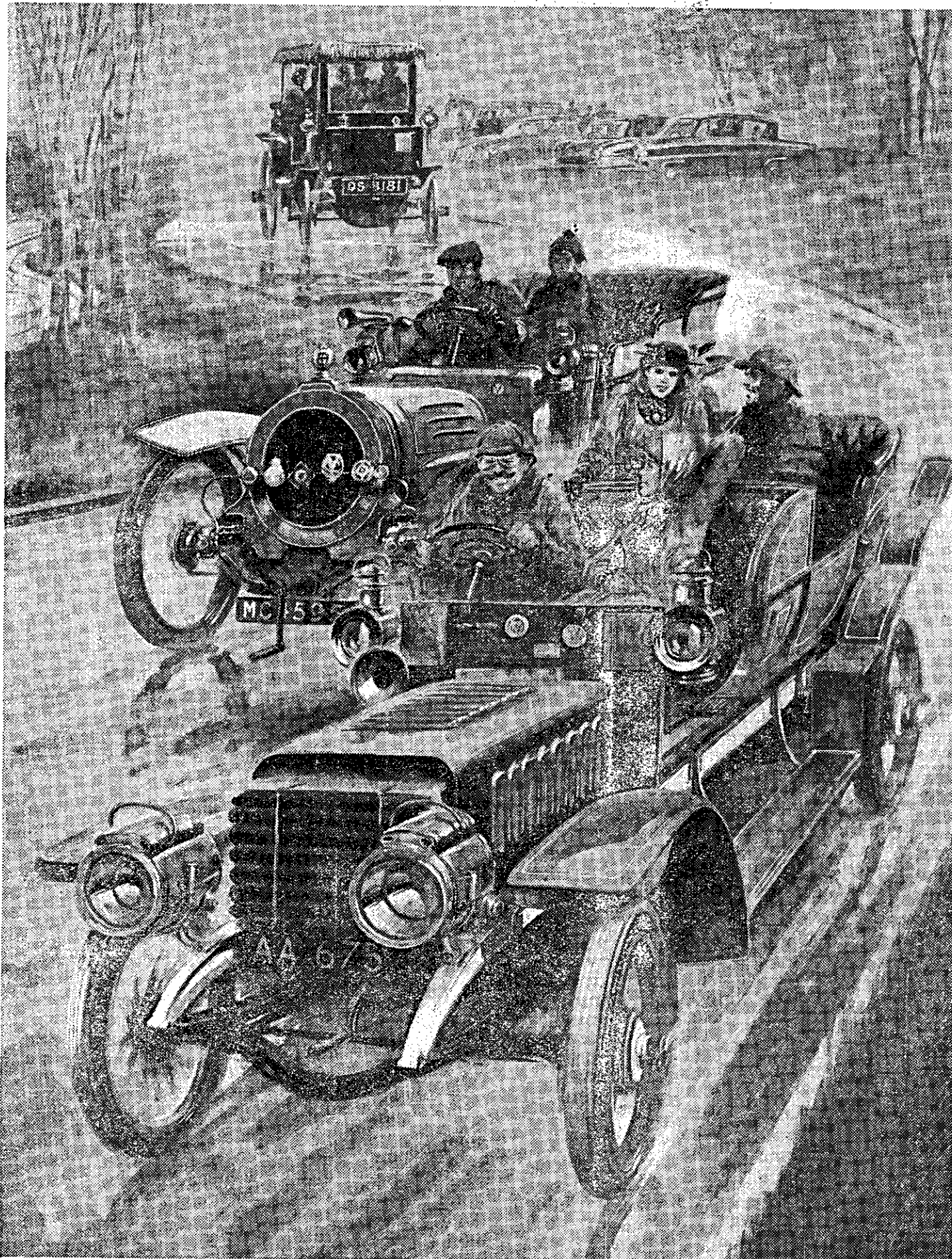


# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Sixpence

FOUNDED BY  
ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 2nd November, 1963



In the foreground is a 1903, 20-horse-power Thornycroft, and following it is the 1905 Spyher which appeared in the famous film *Genevieve*. At the back is a real veteran, a four-horse-power Panhard-Levassor wagonette of 1895.

## SUNDAY IS BRIGHTON RUN DAY!

**T**HERE will be a procession of cars, motor-cycles, and maybe a tricycle or two, on the Brighton Road on Sunday.

A long line of vehicles on that road isn't anything new; it happens almost every Sunday. But this weekend's procession is a special one—the annual RAC Veteran Car Rally.

The vehicles will set off from Hyde Park to travel about 53 miles to Brighton. That wouldn't mean anything to a modern car, but for an old machine of around 60 years of age it's a different matter.

### Veteran of 68 years

All the vehicles eligible for the Brighton Run must have been built before 1905. Several of the 240 which will be competing on Sunday are older than the century. The veteran of them all is an 18-hp Rochet-Schneider built in 1895.

The Veteran Car Rally really commemorates the beginning of the Motor Age. When the "horseless carriage" came to the roads a century ago, the Locomotives on the Highways Act required a man with a red flag to walk in front of it. In 1878, the red flag disappeared, but the man still walked in front of the vehicle, which was restricted to a speed of four miles an hour.

### No Pedestrians

In November 1896, there came the new Act permitting motor vehicles weighing less than three tons to travel without the preceding walker, and the speed limit was now raised to 12 mph!

That November day has been marked ever since by the cavalcade of the Brighton Run.

© Fleetway Publications Ltd., 1963



# IN BRITAIN NOW



## BORDERLINE CASE

**T**HE English borough of Berwick-upon-Tweed wants to become a Scottish burgh—which is going to cause a bit of trouble.

Berwick straddles both banks at the mouth of the Tweed—the border between England and Scotland. Since Edward I took the town in 1302, it bounced backwards and forwards between the English and the Scots a dozen times. Then in 1885 it was attached to Northumberland.

One of the big problems of transfer is that of the town's

12,000 population, 7,000 live on the English side of the Tweed, in Tweedmouth and Spittal, which are not part of the original burgh. They would have to remain in Northumberland.

The man who started this "back to Scotland" idea was Alderman Tom Evans; which adds to the confusion. Evans is a Welsh name, isn't it?



## JUST AS A WARNING

To gain publicity for a campaign against hooliganism in the district, an old instrument of punishment, a pillory, was set up at Frittenden, near Cranbrook, Kent, while villagers pretended to pelt the "culprit" with rotten eggs—in the old-time way.

## AN OLD IRON BRIDGE

For 150 years an iron bridge spanned the River Taff at Merthyr Tydfil—a fitting symbol for the Welsh town's fame as an iron centre. Now it has to be removed, but it will be rebuilt elsewhere in Merthyr as a memorial to the town's industry.

## SOUND OF THE BEATLES

The Beatles, the group of Liverpool boys whose rise to fame has been rocket-like and whose weekly earnings are said to be £1,500, appear on Monday in the Royal Variety Performance, in company with seasoned artistes like Harry Secombe, Max Bygraves, Trio Los Paraguayos, and many others.



## GREAT FUN, SAYS TOMMY!

Tommy Steele looks as though he's going to have a wonderful time on the Fifth!

Tommy, now appearing in *Half A Sixpence*, at the Cambridge Theatre, London, has always been a fireworks fan. He said the other day, recalling his London boyhood:

"Guy Fawkes was a big, happy night for us. It was one of the best nights of the year."

## It seems to me...

**T**HE scene: The CN offices at midday.

A telephone rings. It is answered by Sub-Editor Jimmy Murphy.

The following conversation then takes place:

Voice: Is that the Children's Newspaper?

Murphy: That's right.

Voice: Well, I think you've got a smashing paper.

Murphy: Do you?

Voice: Yes. And fifteen of my friends think so too...

This actually happened the other day—and it was one of the nicest phone-calls we've had for a long time!

We are always delighted to hear from readers. We like to feel that we know you all!

MET Michael in hospital. He wasn't a very happy young man, but that wasn't

surprising, since he was having to lie in bed with his left arm over the top of his head, held immovably there by bandages.

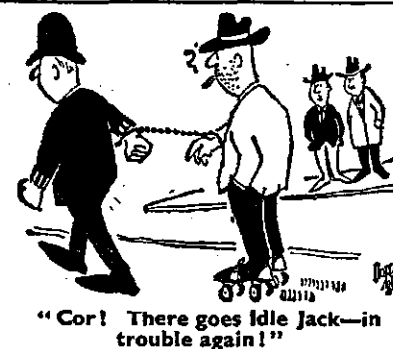
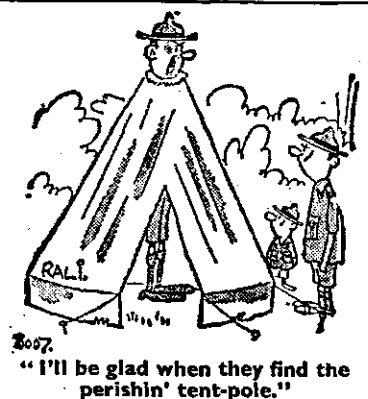
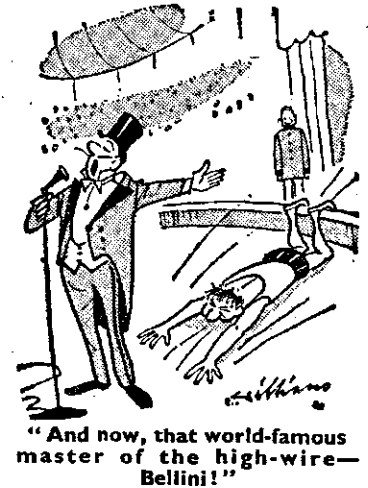
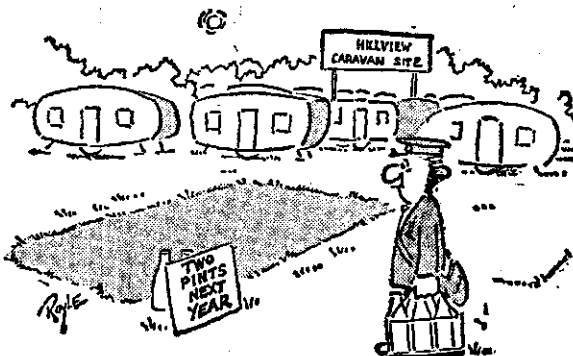
He'd been like that for a long time, because he was having a piece of skin grafted from his arm to his left ear, part of which had been blown off.

By a firework. I don't want to be a spoilsport, but do be careful on and around "the Fifth." Guy Fawkes Night ought to be great fun—and so it will be, if you follow the sensible instructions on the fireworks you are to let off.

Remember also that the bangs and whizzes and fizzes can frighten animals very badly—so do see that your pets are safely out of the way.

## The Editor

## LAUGH TIME





# READERS' LETTERS

## ANY UNUSUAL SIGNS?

Dear Sir,—I am enclosing a photograph I took of a sign that I saw at Invergordon while on my holiday in Scotland this year.

I wonder if any other readers have photographs of unusual signs?

Suzanne Hurrell (11),  
Tankerton, Whitstable, Kent.



## A CALL FROM INDIA

Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to tell you that I have been reading your paper at our school library. We are not able to get the CN regularly at our school. We have to wait about nine or ten days for a new one.

I found it was worth reading and knew many new things from it. I would like to make pen-friends from any part of the world who read CN.

My hobbies are:—stamps, first day covers, view cards and post-cards, cricket, football, hockey, swimming, and horse riding.

I am reading at Birla Public School at Pilani. The boys of our school are divided into four houses. The names of our houses are after the names of great saints.

Om Prakash Goel, Class VIIA,  
Birla Public School, Pilani,  
Rajasthan, India.

## BACK TO THE CAVES

Dear Sir,—I suggest Robin Lustig (issue dated 12th October) and his friends, who think school should be banned, should see a doctor immediately. Had we no schools, we might as well go back to living in caves, for who could run our industry or political affairs if there was no education in Britain?

Mary Best, Townhill,  
Dunfermline.

## CHIMNEY WITCH

Dear Sir,—In reply to Richard Jackson's letter (issue dated 21st September), I thought he might be interested to know that in Guernsey, on the chimney pot of a house, there is a witch on a broomstick.

Gordon Duncan, Flore,  
Northamptonshire.

## NOT SO BORING!

Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading Readers' Letters and I disagree completely with Anthony O'Neill of Hemel Hempstead (issue dated 12th October). If someone is capable of being bored after one week of holiday, they must have no imagination.

I go to a choir school and have six weeks during the summer, ten days at Christmas, and two weeks at Easter. I also get a week during November. I find that all these go extremely quickly, and that I would love to have a few more weeks from school.

During the summer those days not used on family holiday, which was two weeks long, were filled with tennis, cycle riding, gardening, and just lazing on a hot day.

So I think getting bored after a few weeks should be impossible. George Staines (12), London, N.12.

## WARNING SITE

Dear Sir,—In CN week ending 12th October, on the middle page, is a picture of Fylingdales Early Warning Station. I live about six miles away from it at Sleights, four miles from Whitby.

I see it regularly when passing. Susan Tate, Sleights, Whitby.



## PLEASED TO MEET YOU!

Tessa, a baby pygmy donkey at the Children's Zoo at Whipsnade, finds a new way of making friends.

## HAS ANYONE SEEN THE EARL'S HEAD?

The Northern Ireland Committee of the National Trust is eager for the head of the third earl of Bristol, British Ambassador to Portugal. Happily, there is nothing sinister in this, since the head is from a marble statue set up about two centuries ago.

The statue was erected above a mausoleum at Downhill, County Derry, by the earl's brother,

fourth earl and Protestant bishop of Derry. But it was blown down in the great gale of 1835 and smashed to pieces.

All the pieces have been recovered except the head, without which the reconstruction of the statue cannot take place. It is believed that the head is still somewhere in the grounds of the earl's home at Downhill.



## KNOW YOUR NEWS

### A QUARREL OF GIANTS

First—some facts. One person in every five in the world is Chinese. One in every dozen is Russian.

China and Russia are the two largest countries in the world—China in population (about 700 million); and Russia in area (with a population of 250 million).

Both are Communist and are now engaged in a struggle for leadership of World Communism. What does this matter to the rest of us? Let us first see what the quarrel is about.

In 1917 the Russians overthrew their ancient monarchy of the Tsars in a revolution.

In Russia itself, all-powerful kings were replaced by a "people's Government," that is, the Com-



Mr. Nikita Krushchev

munist Party. Abroad, the Russians' policy was now to spread Communism and destroy capitalism, if necessary by war. Capitalism would be replaced by the common ownership of wealth.

China also passed through a revolution and became Communist. But that was not until 1949.

By then the West, feeling itself menaced by Russian Communism under the tyrant Stalin, had formed

a defence alliance. This alliance was then, and still is, based on Man's most terrible weapon—the hydrogen bomb. But Russia had the H-bomb, too.

Stalin died in 1953, and for a time nothing changed. But Stalin's great successor, Mr. Nikita Krushchev, realised that another world war would destroy Communists as well as capitalists.

By our

Special Correspondent

His famous policy of "peaceful co-existence" with the West is not, however, acceptable to the Chinese Government and its strong-man Prime Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai.

The Chinese still believe that the spreading of Communism must be done by war. But this conflict is not the only cause of friction between Russia and China. Even in the times of the Tsars there were border disputes between the two countries along their common frontier, which is some 3,500 miles long.

Russia fears that the Chinese, who cannot feed all their huge population, may sweep into Eastern Russia and colonise it.

It is difficult to see any solution to this quarrel of the two Communist giants. It may well be the most important world-problem for the rest of the 20th century.



Mr. Chou En-lai

# HAVE MORE FUN

## on the 5th with

# Standard FIREWORKS

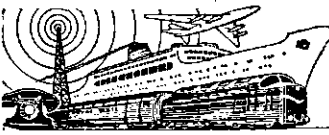
TAKE CARE—AND ENJOY YOURSELVES!





# THIS WIDE WORLD

## BRIEFLY...



### Apple from Teacher

Apples have been given to Chester schoolchildren to discourage them from eating sweets when they cannot clean their teeth afterwards.

A sea-shell found near Rabaul, New Guinea, is believed one of the world's rarest. Called *Glory of the Sea*, it may be worth £600.

### 25,000 Miles at Three

The youngest member of the BOAC Junior Jet Club, three-year-old Russell Pendregaut, has been presented with a certificate and a birthday cake decorated with a model airliner to mark his 25,000 miles of air travel. His father is in the Army.

### Big Beats?

Whales' heartbeats have been heard by scientists on underwater listening apparatus.

### Cost of Decimals

New Zealand's changeover to decimal coinage, due in 1967, will cost about £10,000,000. About 28,000 cash registers will have to be scrapped.

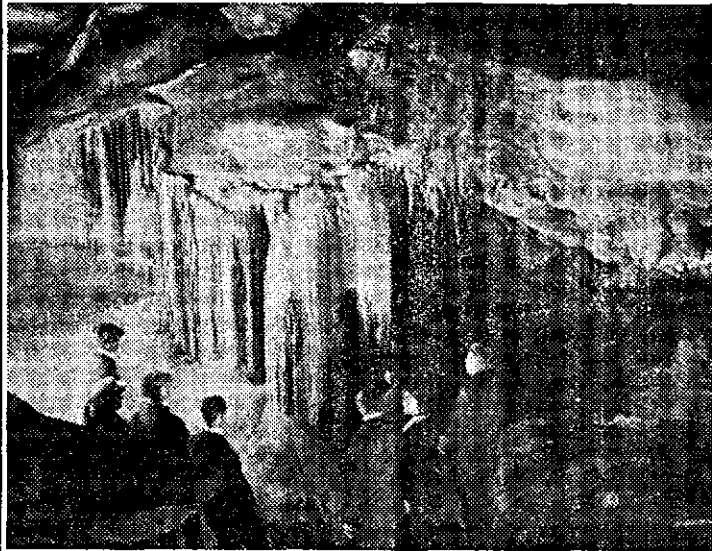
The Tufty Club for reducing road accidents to the under-fives now has over 200,000 members.

Over 100,000 children have already passed the National Cycling Proficiency Test this year.

Claimed to be France's champion veteran motorist, 91-year-old M. Dutemple has been driving without an accident since 1897.

## PARK 100 MILES LONG

CN reader Edwin Ridout here describes something of what he saw while visiting the great Shenandoah National Park in the State of Virginia, 260 miles from his home in Pennsylvania, U.S.A.



Inside the wonderful Skyline Caverns

THE park is about 100 miles long, and the road runs along and around the Blue Ridge of the Appalachian Mountains, from the peaks of which there are magnificent views stretching more than 50 miles.

The most famous peak in the park itself is the Stony Man (4,010 feet), but the highest is the Hawksbill (4,050). The park itself is mostly covered by a "second growth forest" of black locust, oak, and many other trees which have grown-up since the original forest was wiped out by the chestnut blight.

### Mineral "flowers"

At the north end of the park, in Fort Royal, Virginia, are the famous Skyline Caverns, which contain the only known anthodite formations in the world. Anthodite is from the Latin for cave flower, but the formations are mineral, not vegetable.

The "flowers" are formed like stalactites and stalagmites, but

actually grow in every direction. Nobody has yet found how they manage to grow (one inch every 1,000 years). The flowers are white, but artificial lighting gives them every colour under the sun. The caverns were formed thousands of years ago by underground rivers, and there is still a natural stream with a lake or two. Trout have been put in one of the lakes to discover how fish will change when living under artificial lighting.

Out of the park there is another set of caverns, much more extensive than those at Skyline. These are the Luray Caverns, in which all the colours are natural except green, which is caused by heat from the lighting.

The caverns contain a wishing well, with eight feet of water—and two feet of money when we were there! Every few years it is emptied and the money given to local charities.

We also saw the world's only stalactite organ, which plays by hammers striking stone, producing a great effect. Weddings are sometimes held in these caverns.

## BURIED FOR THE FUTURE

If a future generation of Swedes should unearth a copper chest that was recently laid in the foundations of a new Stockholm store, they will learn something of how their distant 20th century ancestors lived. The chest contains 50 articles in common use today, and information on how much working time was required to earn the money to buy them.

The biggest and most expensive object is a TV set, and the smallest a teaspoon. Among the other articles are a plastic pail, a one-piece telephone set, a transistor radio, women's high-heeled shoes, a toy plastic tractor, a small doll, ice hockey skates, a windscreen wiper, and two long-playing records.

## A LEAF ON HIS CONSCIENCE

Just after the First World War, a young British officer stationed in Bensberg, West Germany, wanted to take away a souvenir of the town. He borrowed a ladder one night, climbed up a lofty memorial, and took a bronze leaf from a wreath held by the Goddess of Peace.

### Youthful Prank

In the years that followed he became a prosperous business man in New Zealand, but always that youthful prank lay on his conscience. Not long ago he came on holiday to Europe and went to Bensberg to return the leaf, which he did—to the townsfolk's astonishment. In 45 years no-one had noticed it was missing. But they welcomed the "thief," and he and his family were the guests of the town.

## SEASON TICKETS ACROSS THE FRONTIER

Crossing the German frontier to go to work is the regular experience of 24,000 Dutchmen, 9,100 Frenchmen, and 7,400 Austrians who have jobs in Western Germany. And 21,800 Germans "go abroad" and come home again every day. Most of them work in Switzerland.

## NOUVELLES DE FRANCE

Le magistrat, M. Le Gouic, de Grenoble, est un fervent adepte de la bicyclette. Elle est devenue pour lui un auxiliaire de la justice.

Pédalant lentement, il se rendait hier au Palais de Justice. Il aperçut, soudain, une automobiliste qui, après avoir accroché un cyclomotoriste, poursuivait sa route sans se préoccuper du sort de sa victime. Indigné, le magistrat appuya sur les pédales pour poursuivre la "chauffarde".

Un feu rouge providentiel lui permit de rattraper la délinquante, qu'il remit entre les mains de la police.

A 10s. 6d. book token will be awarded for what the Editor considers the best translation received by Wednesday, 6th November. Send to: *Nouvelles de France*, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. 12th October winner: E. Jones, 17 Meon Road, Milton, Hants.

## HIGH-FLYING SCHOOLBOY

Fifteen-year-old schoolboy Andrew Herbert has flown an aircraft at 20,250 feet, which is believed to be a New Zealand record.

He was accompanied by an instructor—he is not old enough yet to hold a licence to fly alone. Both wore special oxygen equipment. At 12,000 feet the carburettor iced up. When it cleared, Andrew went up to 20,250 feet and held the plane there for a minute.

## Coming Events

RYE, SUSSEX: Rye Fawkes Night, and Pageant, 2nd November.



TORQUAY: Covered Courts Open Lawn Tennis Tournament, 4th to 9th November.

MANCHESTER: Do-it-Yourself and Hobbies Exhibition, City Hall, 5th to 16th November.

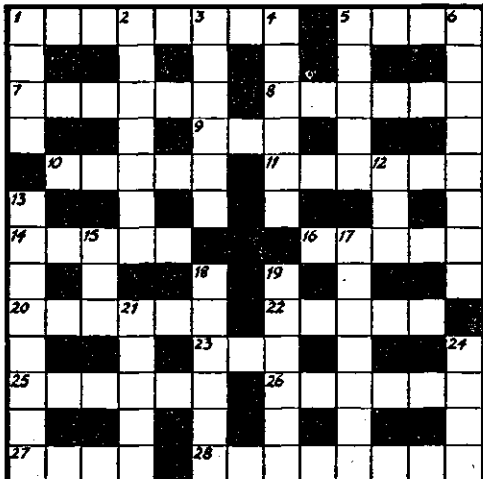


LONDON: At the big GPO Fleet Building, Farringdon Street, London, an exhibition showing the development of the telephone, until further notice.

Courtesy of GPO

## Crossword puzzle

ACROSS: 1 Harm. 5 Capital on the River Tiber. 7 Decayed. 8 Large gun. 9 Tree. 10 Shaving instrument. 11 Deepest. 14 Express gratitude. 16 Capital of India. 20 Waiting. 22 Norwegian. 23 Groove. 25 Contradict. 26 Tree-lined street. 27 The Senior Service. 28 Tending to delay. DOWN: 1 Planet. 2 Legal resident. 3 Refuse to notice. 4 Changeable. 5 Begin again. 6 Famous for his theory of Relativity. 12 Fish. 13 Obstinate. 15 To total. 17 Zealous. 18 Consented. 19 Involve. 21 Form of sarcasm. 24 A beautiful group!



Answer on page 12





## GO-AHEAD GIRL

SHEILA AGAR, of Pontefract, Yorks, is a 16-year-old hairdresser—training to be a barber!

It all started when Sheila took a look at the boys' hairstyles and thought it was about time they were made to realise that girls like to see their boyfriends smartly groomed.

"I got fed up with seeing the boys with floppy, untidy hair," says Sheila, "and, as a girl, I knew just what hairstyles would appeal to other girls. Now, when boys come into the saloon and ask for a Beatles haircut, I tell them if I don't think it will suit them. Usually they take my advice."

Sheila hopes to open her own barber's shop when she's finished her apprenticeship.

Meanwhile, she shaves as she saves!

## SPECIALLY FOR GIRLS

**SOUND** radio has a lot to offer if one can only tear oneself away from TV. On the BBC Home Service, Saturday, there's a 40-minute magazine called *Five-Fifteen* to which listeners are invited to vote records for top disc spots—and there's a real chance to go along to the studio in person. So tune in and find out for yourselves. Happy listening!

### UNUSUAL PET

**AZTEC**, pictured below, is a two-year-old Canadian Puma, or Mountain Lion. He looks friendly enough—although passers-by are quick to cross the street and admire him from the other side!

He's the unusual pet of Margaret King, of Sussex, a secretary at Bertram Mills Circus.

"He's a wonderful pet," Margaret says. "He belongs to a lion-tamer, but I've kind of adopted him."

Mountain lions can be vicious but Aztec will play all day—that is, if anyone is brave enough to try it!



### HALLOWE'EN

Will you be having a party for Hallowe'en this Thursday—complete with flickering candles in turnip lanterns, and fireside stories of witches, goblins and ghosts?

Nowadays the ghost stories are just part of the fun, but until not so very long ago folk believed that evil spirits wandered about on the night of 31st October. These spirits got up to as much mischief as they could because it was the evening before everyone went to church next morning to celebrate All Saints, or All Hallows, Day. This had grown out of a pagan festival on 1st November as old as Roman times, or older.

To cheer themselves up on this dangerous night, people gathered round the fire, played games with nuts and apples, and told spooky stories.

Hallowe'en is the Scottish name for All Hallows Eve, and the Scots took the custom to America, where it has become very popular.

Hallowe'en today is a time for high spirits—not evil ones. So enjoy yourselves—spooky stories and all!

### SISTERS



### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

**ONE** girl who doesn't get butterflies in the tummy at the thought of having to make a speech in public is 13-year-old Jane Cowell of Gateshead. She has won first prize in a national public-speaking contest which gained her a place at an expensive co-educational school in Surrey. Now she will stay at boarding school for three years, with the chance of remaining a further two if she takes A level subjects in the GCE.

Said her mother: "Jane qualified under the Sir James Nott Memorial Trust for a schooling I could never have afforded her."

*Vicky*



## NOVEMBER BOOKSHELF



### FICTION

**HERE** is a good story about the mounted tribes of Kazaks, from Central Asia, fleeing before the Russians, who want their ancient grazing lands for modern development. The flight across deserts in stifling heat and choking sandstorms is told as the adventure of a small orphan girl, Nan, and is translated from the French of Mme. L. N. Lavolle. It's called *THE JADE GATE* (Abelard-Schuman, 12s. 6d.).

**THE** author of *Jump To The Stars* has written another knowledgeable and exciting novel with a riding-school background. *THE PERFECT HORSE*, by Gillian Baxter, gives you a behind-the-scenes view of the show-jumping world and finishes up with the Badminton Horse Trials (Evans, 12s. 6d.).

**A** TALE in the old romantic tradition of England as it was in the Middle Ages is *THE CASTLE AND THE HARP*, by Philip Rush (Collins, 12s. 6d.).

The siege of Bedford Castle and its bombardment by giant catapults is just one episode in this story of the old, wild days.

**A** NEW novel of mountaineering is *A NECKLACE OF GLACIERS*, by Showell Styles (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). An interrupted holiday in the Austrian Alps for a brother and sister becomes a forced march at the point of a bank-robber's gun... Lots of technical stuff about ropes and mountain-craft in general.



camp for these great beasts; and *THE SECRET PASSAGE*, by Nina Bawden, a good mystery story of three children from Kenya who come to live in England (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.).

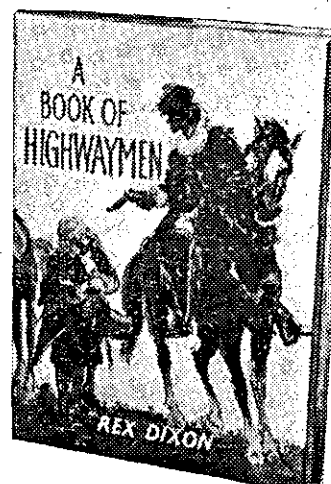
### FACT

**DIANA** IN TELEVISION is a bit difficult to fit either into the Fact or the Fiction side of things because it is really a career book written in the form of a novel. But I'd advise any girl who may be thinking of TV as a possible career to read it, because it gives such a good "inside" picture of working for the BBC at the TV Centre. It's by Elizabeth Beresford (Collins, 8s. 6d.).

**FOR** younger readers (or readers of any age, for that matter) who are fascinated by orchestras and all those queer instruments; there is an amusing new book called *TIMOTHY AND THE ORCHESTRA*, by George and Diana Barker (Chatto, 8s. 6d.). The players and the instruments are seen through the eyes of young Timothy watching a rehearsal.

It's a pity the authors don't know the difference between a "faun" and a "fawn" but luckily the illustrator does!

**I** MUST also mention *KINGDOM OF THE ELEPHANTS*, by Alan C. Jenkins (Blackie, 12s. 6d.)—an Indian boy's life in a training



**A** BOOK OF HIGHWAYMEN, by Rex Dixon (Nelson, 25s.) is rather expensive, but it is beautifully illustrated and tells you what highwaymen were really like. It's written with a sense of fun, too, for the "Gentlemen of the Road" had their funny side.

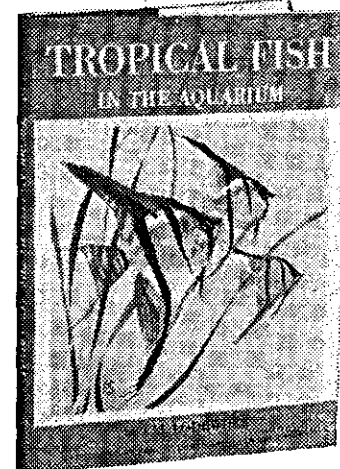
Galloping teams, dark figures lurking in wayside woods, and many carefully gathered facts about those perilous days of the 1700s make good reading.

**JUST** about the most stirring book I have read for a very long time is David Howarth's *DAWN OF D-DAY* (Collins, 12s. 6d.). It is an account of that amazing gamble with Fate, the landing on the Normandy coast which won us the Second World War. It is all based on personal narratives of people who were there—a British glider pilot, an

American parachutist, a French hotel proprietor, a German sentry. This is a special edition for junior readers, but it is a book for all.

**THIS** month also sees the publication of Leonard Cottrell's *THE GREAT INVASION*, which is all about the Roman conquest of Britain. Many good pictures help to show how the job was done (Evans, 11s. 6d.).

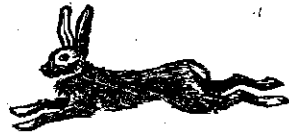
**GOT** an aquarium? Tropical fish? Or are you only thinking of having one of those fascinating "pictures" of sea life on your wall? Whichever it is, a book you should read is



**TROPICAL FISH IN THE AQUARIUM**, by J. M. Lode-wijks (Blandford, 16s.). Beautiful colour pictures of lively little fish and all about looking after them. A. L.



# TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE



## HOW DO THEY GET THERE?

Many people wonder how it is that a disused gravel pit, or even smaller excavations which become filled with water, often quite quickly have water plants growing in them and also a population of aquatic creatures.

Water birds are one of the means by which living things reach such places. Many kinds of pond weed will establish themselves from quite a tiny piece, and these fragments can become attached to a bird's feet or feathers and be carried to a new area of water.

The eggs of some pond insects can also be carried, with the bits of weed; and even the eggs of newts, or some fish, could travel in the same way.

Birds are not the only carriers, however. Water beetles and other pond insects which have wings

will leave a certain piece of water, fly off, and finish up in another. (You may have found in garden water-butts beetles and aquatic bugs which could only have got there by flying.) Mosquitos and gnats can appear in similar places, and if they can get to a water tank or butt, how much more likely it is that they should arrive on a larger area of water.

—by  
**Maxwell Knight**

Of course, not all fish that one may eventually find in a previously uninhabited pond have hatched out from a few eggs that have got there by chance. Man is often responsible for their introduction.

### Spawning Places

Frogs and toads, although they normally keep to one specially favoured pond, may increase in numbers and so seek new spawning places. Many a newly-made garden pool has been found to have frogs or toads breeding in it by the next spring.

Plants found growing round the banks of new ponds may have come from wind-borne seeds, or even seeds which have passed through birds without being destroyed by digestion. They remain in the droppings and, at the right time of year, germinate and grow.



Garden pools often acquire living things from outside



## HOW WE RUN OUR COUNTRY

### THE LABOUR PARTY

The political parties in opposition to the Government are known as the Opposition. The Labour Party is at present the biggest Opposition party and therefore the main rival of the Conservatives. Its leader, Mr. Harold Wilson, is the Leader of the Opposition.

The Labour Party was born in 1900 but it did not adopt that name until 1906. From 1900 to 1906 it was called the Labour Representation Committee and it gained two seats in the House of Commons in 1900.

#### Annual Conference

Like the other political parties, the Labour Party holds an annual conference (this year it was at Scarborough, from 30th September to 4th October). This is attended by delegates from the constituencies, local parties, trade union representatives, and by Labour MPs and leading officials of the party. The conference directs and controls the work of the party outside Parliament, works out its organisation and decides what its general policy shall be for the coming year.



Mr. Harold Wilson, Leader of the Opposition

The Labour Party has tended to be the party of the workers—just as the Conservative Party is that of the employers—and it is linked very closely to the trade union movement. Indeed, it gets a great deal of its money from the trade unions.

The Labour Party is in favour

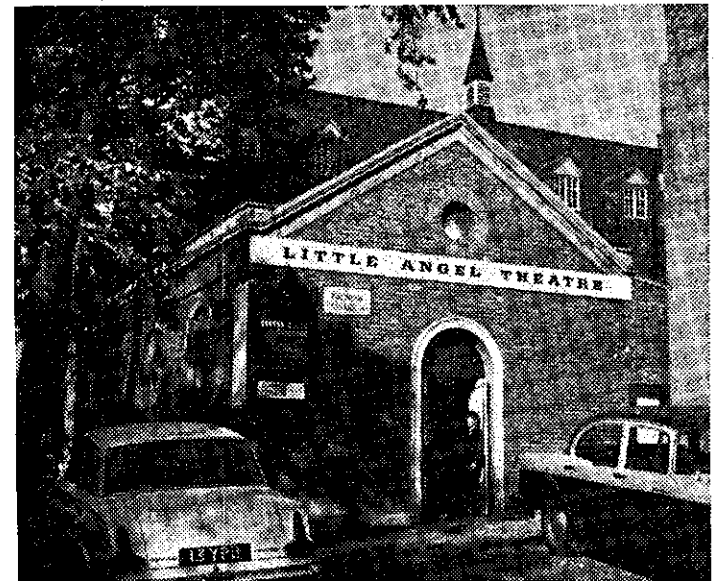
of a good deal of State control and is interested in equality. When it was last in power, between 1945 and 1951, it introduced a number of important changes. It set up the National Health Service, and brought many industries under the control of the State, but was criticised because it kept some of the old war-time restrictions.

#### Prime Ministers

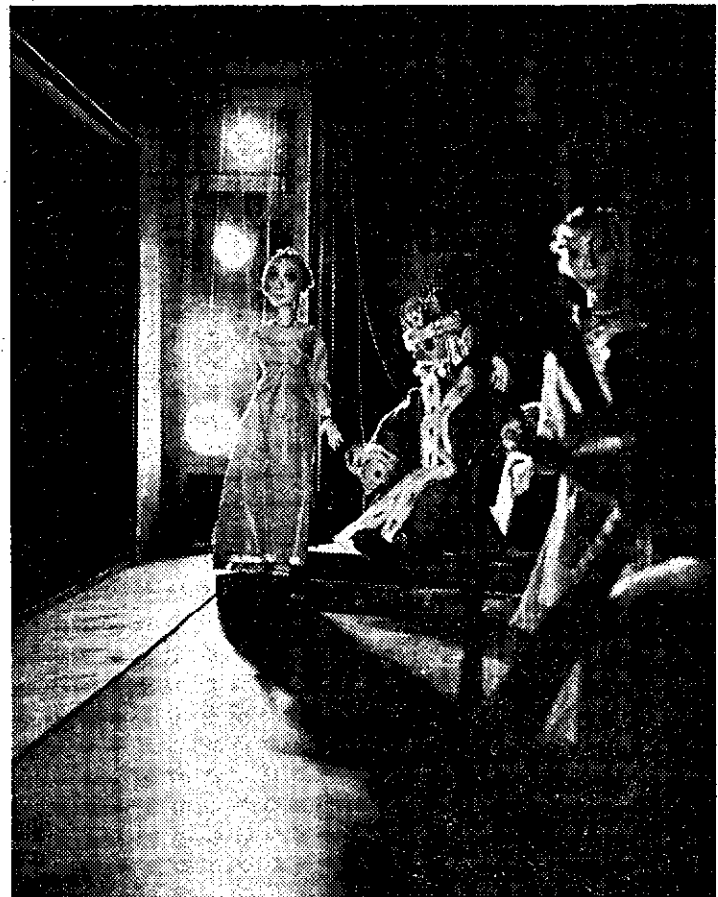
The first Labour Party Prime Minister was Mr. MacDonald, who was Prime Minister in 1924 (for one year) and again in 1929 (for two years). Mr. Clement Attlee (now Lord Attlee) was the only other Labour Prime Minister (from 1945 to 1951).

Will Mr. Harold Wilson be the third man from the party to be Prime Minister? We will see next year.

Next week:  
**THE LIBERAL  
PARTY**



Entrance to the Little Angel Theatre at Islington, only a few minutes' bus-ride from King's Cross or the City.



Cameraman's private view from the wings, showing the spotlights and some "characters" in action.



Making a marionette in the theatre workshop.



pages 2nd November, 1963

# CN PANORAMA

## News in Pictures



### THIS WAY FOR THE MARIONETTE THEATRE

**L**ONDON readers, or visitors to the capital, who are looking for a "different" Saturday afternoon show, ought to know the Little Angel, the marionette theatre in Islington.

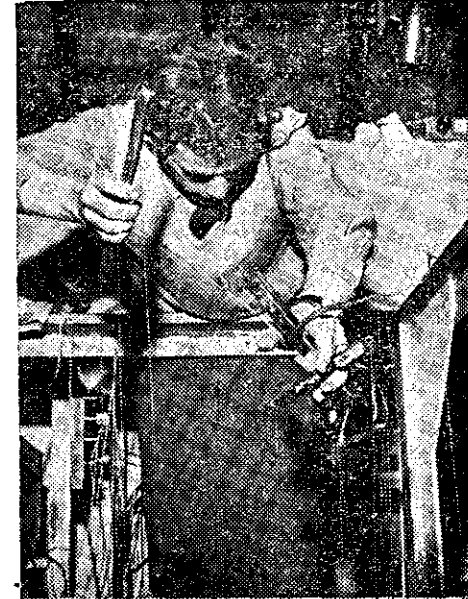
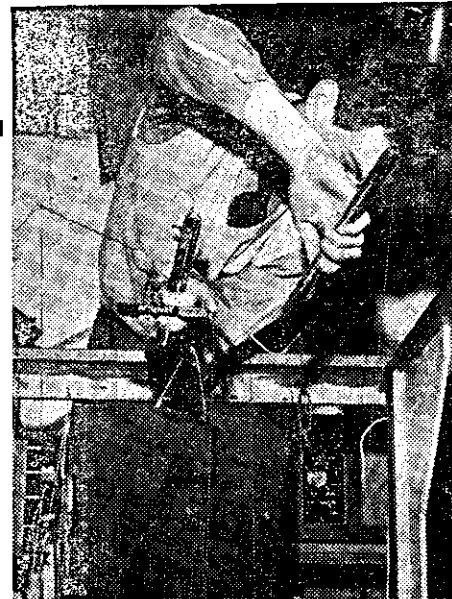
Although this theatre is tiny, it has a proper sloped floor, comfortable seats and full stage lighting. The marionettes, or puppets, all made on the premises, are nearly one-third the size of human beings. There are over 50 of them, worked by John Wright and his team of five young puppeteers, and they have given shows in many countries.

*Pictures by Staff Photographer*



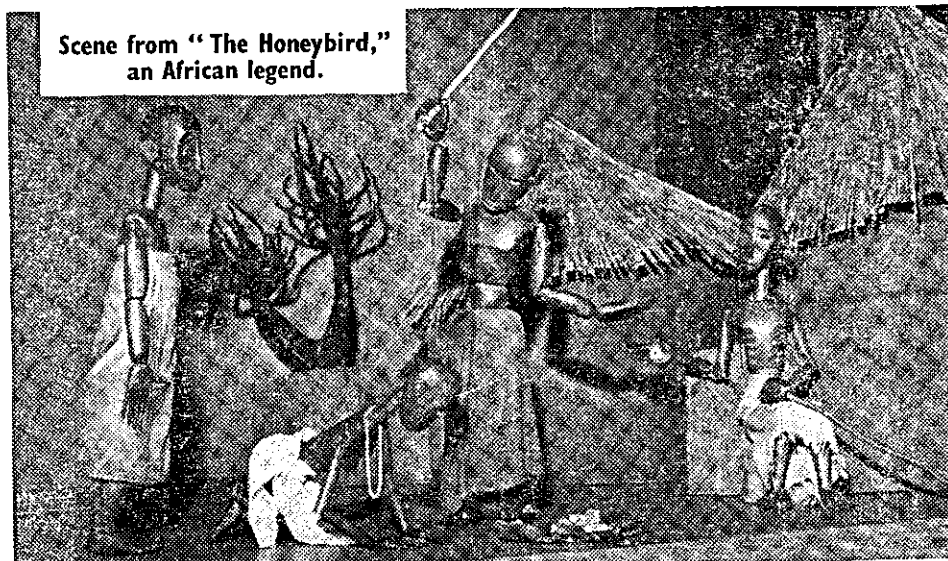
John Wright and his five puppeteers with some of the "Company".

One of the most popular feats is the balancing act with the trick chair. It's a very persevering clown and a very tricky chair.

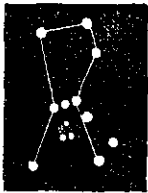


These shots show the movement of the control (wooden rod with attachments and strings) and the corresponding movement of the marionette.

Scene from "The Honeybird," an African legend.







## LOOKING AT THE SKY

By Patrick Moore

### OUR SUN AND ITS SPOTS

The Sun is an ordinary star. It is not particularly large or brilliant, and in the universe as a whole it is utterly undistinguished. Yet to us it is the most important body in the sky. Without it we could not exist for a moment, and it is natural for us to study it as closely as we can.

The Sun may be studied by means of a telescope. But remember *never* to look straight at it with even a small telescope or a pair of binoculars, since you will focus all the heat on to your eye and *blind yourself permanently*.

The only sensible way to observe the Sun is by projecting

today for the Sun is going through a calm period, and spot-groups are relatively small and infrequent. During September I recorded several days upon which there were no spots at all.

The Sun is, in fact, variable. It has a well-marked cycle of activity, which was discovered in the last century by a German

once more until the time of the next maximum.

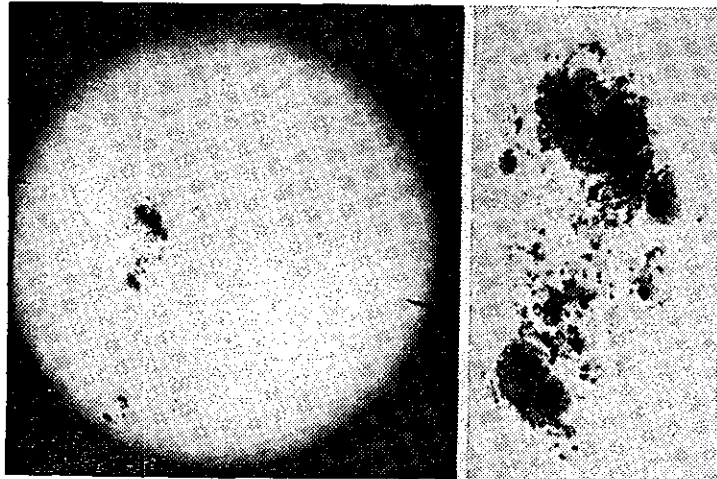
Spot-minimum is expected in 1964, which means that the next maximum should occur about 1969. We cannot be more definite, since the cycle is not perfectly regular. Sometimes the period between maxima is as great as 13 years, at others as little as nine years. It is worth recording, however, that the last maximum (1958) was the most energetic ever known, and there were numerous vast spots.

#### "Whirling Storms"

Before deciding on the cause of the solar cycle, we must make up our minds what the spots are. This is a question which we can answer. They are areas of lower temperature, and are 2,000 degrees cooler than the general bright surface or *photosphere* of the Sun. Even so, they are at a temperature of 4,000 degrees, and they are not really dark. They only seem so because they are backed by the even brighter gas.

Unfortunately, nobody has any real idea how the spots are produced. They seem to be in the nature of "whirling storms," and they have strong magnetic fields. Sometimes they are associated with brilliant, short-lived flares, which are of an electrical nature, and which send out charged particles which reach the Earth, causing magnetic storms (variations of the compass needle) and upsetting long-distance radio communication.

It was also formerly thought that sunspots upset the weather, but recent records do not support this theory.



Sunspots photographed from Mount Wilson-Palomar Observatories, California. Right: enlargement of a picture of sunspots.

the image on to a white screen, such as a piece of cardboard, keeping your eye well away from the eyepiece of the telescope.

When this is done, you will be able to see the curious dark patches known as sunspots, together with bright areas.

There are no big spots visible

amateur named Schwabe. Every eleven years or so there is a *maximum*, when there are many large spots.

Gradually the spots become less common, until the period of *minimum*, when they are small and comparatively scarce. After that, activity starts to build up

## SCIENCE SURVEY

### EARTHQUAKE DETECTORS

When the earth shakes, how do you measure its movement if the instrument you hope to do it with moves with the ground it is sited on?

The answer is to measure the movement against something which will be isolated against it—a freely swinging pendulum attracted by the earth's gravity.

This is how the earliest seismographs were made. A concrete column was set in the ground. In front of it hung a pendulum.

#### Slight Ripple

If the pendulum deviated from the centre of the column, scientists could tell that the earth's crust had rippled—too minutely to see or even feel with your feet. This meant that somewhere there had been an earthquake.

Later seismographs were more advanced. The pendulum was replaced by a pivoted aluminium rod with two brass weights at one end which remain stationary when the concrete base of the instrument



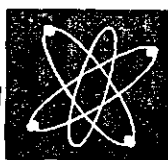
A seismograph and its recording of shock waves

is vibrated. In this kind a spot of light shines through a slot in the rod on to a revolving drum of photographic paper and prints a graph of the vibrations.

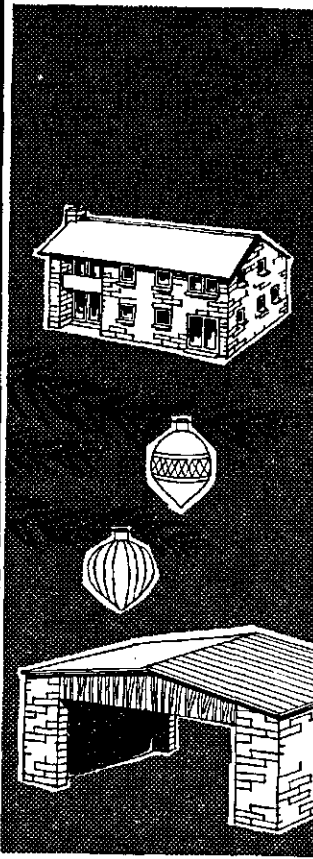
Still more advanced are the electronic and transistorised seismographs of today. With these scientists can now detect earthquakes far away. But although they can see when an earthquake has happened, they cannot yet tell when it is *going* to happen.

#### Uses in Antarctica

Seismographs also have other uses. In the frozen wastes of Antarctica, scientists use them to discover the thickness of the ice, while Russian scientists are employing a similar system to discover the different kinds of rocks in a volcano. In both these cases the information required is gathered from seismograph recordings of carefully planned explosions.



## Ask for BRICKPLAYER for Christmas



Brickplayer is the greatest building kit—you build like a real bricklayer with trowel and cement. You make true-to-life scale models designed by architects. Models can be permanent or dismantled and bricks used again. If you can design your own model (it must be your own idea) you can enter the Brickplayer Competition and win up to 20 guineas.

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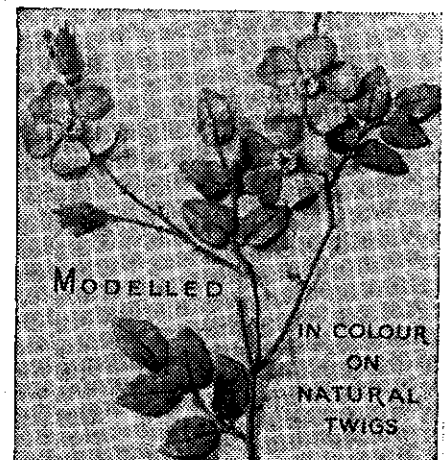
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Conclusion  
of

CN'S

special picture serialisation of one  
of Shakespeare's funniest plays—

# The Taming of the Shrew



Katharina's husband Petruchio is teaching her a lesson, showing her what it's like to live with a shrewish person. His display of bad temper and waywardness makes life most uncomfortable for Katharina...

Meanwhile, at their father's house, Kate's young sister Bianca has been given permission to marry Lucentio, one of several suitors who, disguised as music teachers, have tried to win her love. An invitation to the wedding is sent to Petruchio and Katharina, whose family and friends are curious to see how they are getting on. Knowing Katharina to be a shrew, they wonder whether perhaps Petruchio now wishes he'd not been so silly as to want to marry her.



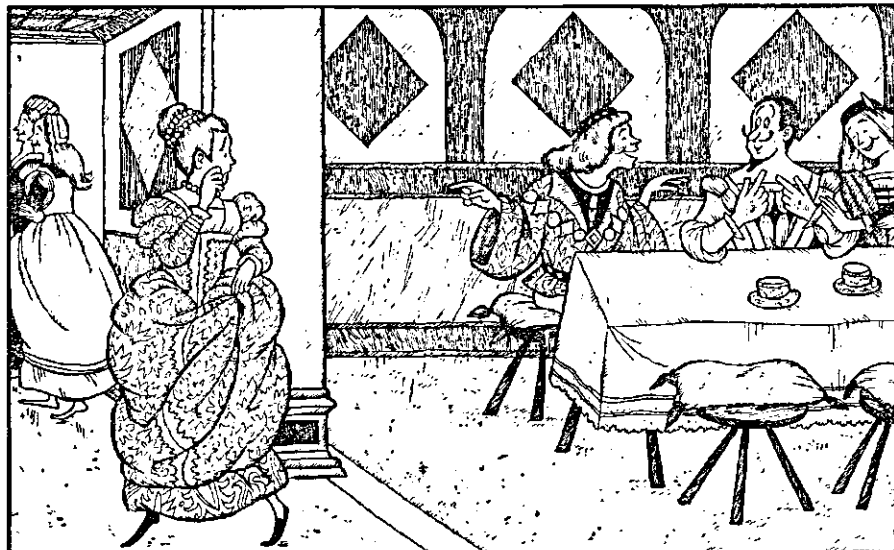
As for Katharina, her life has been really miserable since the day of her wedding, for, daily, every mealtime brings a further bad-tempered outburst from Petruchio. The food is either too salty or not salty enough; over-cooked or not cooked enough. Poor hungry Kate is forced to watch plateful after plateful being hurled at the servants, always with the same result—the only meal she ever gets is a slice of black bread and turnip, brought much later by her loving husband!



Her rebellious spirit is crushed. Not only does she eat the black bread and turnip—but humble pie as well. That's why she is surprised and delighted when Petruchio orders a new hat and dress for her to wear at Bianca's wedding. Such kindness! Such thoughtfulness! At last she feels Petruchio is behaving towards her as he should. It's a beautiful dress and as Katharina looks at herself in the glass, Petruchio and the tailor can see that she is very pleased indeed.



Then Petruchio starts creating yet another scene. "I ordered brocade," he shouts. "Not dyed sackcloth! It must go back at once!" Katharina protests, "But I like it and it is brocade." To which Petruchio answers, "What a good job your husband is here to protect you against swindlers!" "I want that dress. That one or nothing!" screams Katharina in temper. "As you wish, my love—then it's nothing," says Petruchio. "Wear your old dress."



Petruchio has a change of heart and later buys her a really fashionable dress and hat, which makes Katharina both pleased and humble. But at the wedding banquet she is hurt to hear the men laughing at Petruchio for having a shrew as his wife. Petruchio is unruffled by their remarks, saying, "My Kate is an angel of goodness. The most obedient of wives. Which of you are capable of ordering your wife to come here at once and she will do so? Not one, I'll wager."



The END

Beginning  
next week:  
A MIDSUMMER  
NIGHT'S  
DREAM

A bet is taken. Each man in turn sends for his wife. One says she can't come; another won't. Another says 'later.' Lucentio, very sure of Bianca, has a shock when she sends word that she doesn't want to come. Petruchio, very much at ease, is the last to send for his wife. To everyone's surprise she appears at once and meekly asks him, "What do you want, dear?" Petruchio takes her hand, saying proudly to the others, "My Kate. The most obedient and best of wives!"



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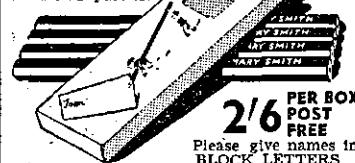
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# WORLD OF STAMPS

## FAMOUS AMERICANS

One of the great heroes of American history is honoured on a special stamp to be issued next month. He is Sam Houston, who fought to free the State of Texas from the Mexicans.

Born in Virginia in 1793, Sam moved as a boy to Tennessee, where he lived for a time among the Cherokee Indians. After serving in the American Army, he settled in Texas, under Mexican rule.

In 1836, led by Sam Houston, the Texans declared their independence from Mexico and defeated the Mexican troops. When the independent republic of Texas was founded, Sam Houston was elected its first president. Shortly afterwards Texas joined the United States and Houston became the first Texan senator.



Pictured here is the commemorative stamp. It shows Sam Houston in characteristic dress—broad-brimmed hat, frock coat, and knee-length leather boots. The stamp, a 5-cents value, is black in colour and will be first placed on sale in the city of Houston, Texas, on 13th December.

One of the best-loved women of modern times is portrayed on another new American stamp (seen top right). She was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the

late Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the USA.

When her husband was a young man, he was stricken with polio. Mrs. Roosevelt nursed him back to health, encouraged him to pursue his interest in politics, and was finally rewarded by seeing him, though still a cripple, elected President of the United States.

After the death of President

by C. W. Hill

Roosevelt in 1945, Mrs. Roosevelt devoted herself to helping sick children in many countries and to supporting the work of the United Nations. She died just a year ago.

## Monaco honour for Henry Ford

Another famous American is honoured on a new stamp from Monaco. He is Henry Ford, founder of the Ford Motor Company, who was born a century ago.

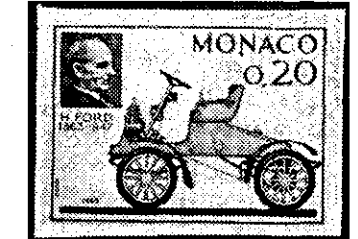
Henry Ford produced his first motor car, a two cylinder, 4-horse-power model, in 1892. In less than 30 years, by using new methods in his factories, he had put over 20 million cars on the road.

Despite his vast business interests, Henry Ford spared time



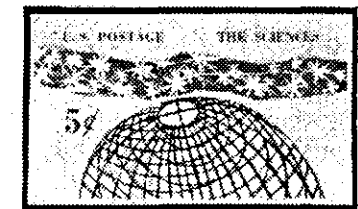
to be a stamp collector. When the United States Post Office issued a stamp in 1947 in honour of his old friend, the inventor Thomas Edison, Henry Ford made a special journey to attend the first-day-of-issue ceremony.

The new Monaco stamp,



pictured here, shows a small portrait of Henry Ford and a sketch of one of his early motor cars, a model A of 1903.

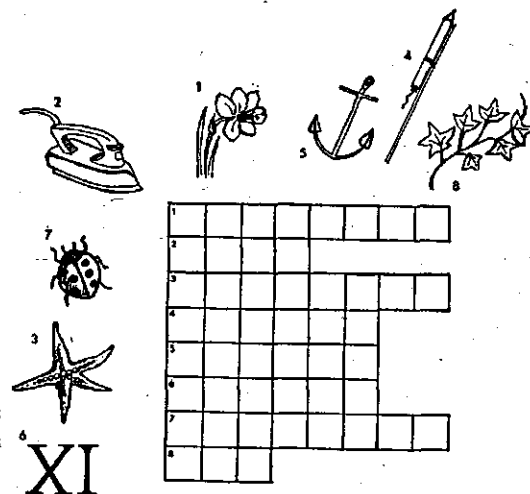
The last illustration this week shows the design of the 5-cents stamp just issued in the United States to mark the centenary of the National Academy of Science. It is black, white, and blue.



## PICK A PUZZLE

### FIND THE MAN!

Solve the clues and you will find that the initial letters of the answers form the name of an English statesman of the 19th century.



## HIDDEN NAME

MY FIRST is in square but never in round,  
My second's in lost, it isn't in found;  
My third is in ill but never in well,  
My fourth is in William and also in Tell;  
My fifth is in bat but never in ball,  
My sixth is in short but it's missing from tall;  
My last is in hands and also in knees,  
My whole is a village that's famous for cheese.

## CAPITAL QUIZ

Answer these clues and you will find that the first and the last letters, when read downwards, will spell the names of a country and its capital.

Spray, and type of aircraft.  
In addition.  
Used in ice-hockey.  
Big bird cage.  
He fiddled while Rome burned.

## FLYING FIRSTS

WHO was the first man to fly a powered aeroplane?  
Who was the first man to fly the English Channel?  
Who were the first men to fly the Atlantic non-stop?

## NAMES, PLEASE

Do you know the Christian names of these well-known people?

The Bronte Sisters.  
Gilbert and Sullivan.  
Mr. Krushchev.  
Rodgers and Hammerstein.  
Lord Nelson.  
Nurse Cavell.  
General Castro of Cuba.  
Lord Montgomery.

## THREE FROM ONE

Can you re-arrange the letters in the word below to form: a four-letter word meaning stalk; a three-letter word for a head covering; and a four-letter word for a mineral used as an insulator?

MATHEMATICS

Answers to puzzles are on page 12



# A CASTLE FOR THE KOPCHEKS

## C N's fiction story

Mama, Brad, Sandor and I (I'm Sandra Kopchek) left Europe after father died, and came to live at Chadhaven. At first there was bitter opposition, not only from the Cranstones (our neighbours), but also from many of the townsfolk. Because of Sheila Cranstone's friendship with us, she quarrelled with her father and, unfortunately, there was just nothing we could do to put things right.

Now, almost a year since our arrival, we were gradually being accepted by most people, but the one thing that marred our happiness was the attitude of Mr. Cranstone . . .

### 9. In The Raging Waters!

**T**HEN came that Friday evening near the end of September when the foundations of our happiness, so lovingly laid by Mama, were nearly destroyed—without any deliberate move from Mr. Cranstone.

Brad and I had gone with Sheila to her grandmother's straight from school. We had had tea, and done some of our homework before we set off for home. The wind still gusted occasionally and the Chad roared rumbustiously in its course through the town on its way to the white-capped sea, as we put our heads down and walked along Fore Street towards the quay.

We were crossing the green when we heard a shout, followed by Debbie's voice. A moment or so later the small figure of Debbie shot out of the Cranstone's gateway, looking over her shoulder and shouting: "No! No! I want Sheila and Sandor!"

She ran on blindly across the narrow strip of road between the houses and the edge of the quay. She turned her head to see where she was going only when she was less than a yard from the edge. She must have been very frightened.

I felt my heart turn with the shock of what I saw would happen. Stupidly I screamed: "Debbie!"

But she couldn't stop herself, and we saw her disappear over the edge into the swirling waters of the Chad.

At the same time two figures appeared at the gates of the two houses. One was Mr. Cranstone, who had arrived at the gate as Debbie fell. The shock of it seemed to rob him of the power of movement, for he froze into a grotesque statue.

The other was Sandor, who rushed out of the gateway of "Light View" in his limping run, shouting: "Debbie! Debbie!"

**H**E didn't hesitate, but jumped off the quayside into the river.

I was aware of Brad running in front of me tearing off his macintosh; and of my legs, which felt trembly and useless, carrying me after him.

I don't remember diving into the river, but I was aware, vaguely, of another splash behind me as I struck out for the spot at which I had seen Brad dive.

He broke the surface some 20 yards downstream from where I saw him force himself under. He had one of them. I looked frantically about me for a sign of the other, but in the twilight it was difficult to see much. I could just make out now that the little limp figure he had was Debbie. There was no sign of Sandor and in that moment when the realisa-

tion came to me, my heart died. Dimly, I could see Brad's face, strained with effort, drawn and stricken also with the realisation of what had happened.

We were among the reeds now. We could stand, our feet in the ooze. Brad lifted Debbie, and stood breathing harshly and deeply.

For a few moments we stood like this. Then we began wading towards the foreshore below the wall of our house.

I could think of nothing as we struggled through the reeds, but Sandor's name kept throbbing in my head in time with my pulse beats.

We squelched on to the foreshore, and there was Mama. She took Debbie from Brad, laid her face-down and squeezed her lungs free of water. Mama's face was like Brad's as she worked. She said nothing.

**A**FTER a while I went into the house for a blanket. I didn't know if Debbie was alive or not, but I couldn't stand and watch Mama suffering her agony of loss. I put on the kettle, doing things like a robot.

When I went back with the blanket, Mama was standing with Debbie in her arms, holding her

by  
**James Stagg**

as if, close to herself, she held the lives of both Debbie and Sandor in the warmth of her love.

Debbie was alive. Mama and I put the blanket round her. Brad stood there. I don't think he had moved since I'd left them. He was trembling with shock, with cold, with grief.

I suddenly felt, for the first time since we arrived in England, stronger than Brad. My weeping in the water had released some of my grief. Brad had had no time to release the sadness in his heart. I went to him and put my arm round his shoulders, and we all began to walk slowly towards the slope at the end of the quay, leading up to the road.

I looked at Mama. A gust of wind blew the strands of her lovely fair hair across her forehead. Her eyes held nothing, but the way her arms closed about Debbie comfortingly and protectively showed her tenderness.

**S**UDDENLY there was a sound behind us—the movement of feet splashing through the water. We turned. In shirt and trousers, dripping with water, Mr. Cranstone walked slowly out of the reeds towards us. In his arms he held Sandor—Sandor alive! Limp and weak and frightened, but alive.

In all the unbelievable relief and joy that flooded me, I again heard



I was aware of Brad running in front of me tearing off his macintosh; and of my legs, which felt trembly and useless, carrying me after him.

in my mind the splash that had scarcely registered on my brain immediately I had broken the surface after diving into the river. That had been Mr. Cranstone diving in, and he had saved Sandor.

I couldn't speak. I couldn't move. I looked at Mama. Now there were tears on her cheeks.

Mr. Cranstone came towards us. Sandor said: "Mama! Debbie's all right?"

Mama nodded. I took Sandor from Mr. Cranstone, and Mama handed the living, blanketed bundle of Debbie to her father.

"Thank you," he said. "And for Sandor," replied Mama.

There was nothing else that could be said. What had been done was beyond words.

It was only much later that night, when I lay in bed unable to sleep, that I realised how natural it had seemed for Mr. Cranstone to bring Debbie into our house, and that Mama should tend to both children, until the arrival of the doctor. And how natural for Mama, once the doctor had pronounced them both only a little the worse for what had happened, to carry Debbie to the Cranstone's house and put her to bed.

**T**HE following morning, before breakfast, there was a knock on the door. I walked into the hall from the dining-room where I had been laying the table, to answer it.

But Mama was there before me. Framed in the doorway was Mr. Cranstone, and he had Debbie in his arms.

Mama smiled: "Come in, Mr. Cranstone. Hello, Debbie, sweetheart." She led the way into the dining-room, where Brad had already lighted the fire before

going out on the paper round.

Mr. Cranstone said: "I have to go into Minthampton this morning and Debbie must stay in bed today."

Debbie, in nightie and dressing-gown still, and wrapped in a pink blanket, shook her head.

Mama said: "It's what the doctor ordered, sweetheart."

"She wants to be with Sandor." "I'm glad you brought her. We're just going to have a cup of tea. Perhaps . . ."

"I've just had breakfast, but—I think I'd like one."

**I** WENT out to the kitchen to get the tea. When I returned, Mama and our neighbour were seated in chairs on either side of the fireplace, and Mama had Debbie on her lap.

Mr. Cranstone was saying: "And when I told her to stop talking through the hedge at Sandor, or I'd send her away, she ran out of the gate . . ."

"And into the river—and plop went Sandor after her."

Mama could even smile about it now—even speak light words about it. Though it was a small, shaky smile, and behind her eyes lurked the thought of what the end might have been.

The cold bitterness had gone from the lean face of Mr. Cranstone, and now there seemed to be almost a shyness and anxiety about him.

He said: "You know what I should be saying to you, Mrs. Kopchek."

"And I should be saying something similar to you," said Mama. "But I think maybe what has happened has done away with the need to say it. We each lost something precious, and we each gave the other back what we thought we had lost."

Mr. Cranstone sipped his tea.

After a few moments he said: "On my way to Minthampton I'm calling at my mother's. I hope Sheila will make the trip with me."

"She will," said Mama. "And she'll be very happy."

He smiled ruefully. "It isn't until some of us have the things we cherish more than anything nearly snatched from us that we come to our senses. I wonder why we make it so difficult for ourselves?"

"We don't value things as we should if we come by them easily," Mama said. "People say that all the time, but it's funny—we're always surprised when the truth of it is shown."

Mr. Cranstone stood up and put his empty cup on the table. He kissed Debbie goodbye, and I took her from Mama, while she went with him to the door.

On the step he turned, and said: "There have been very few things more wonderful in my life than the sight of young Sandor running and jumping into that river to try to save Debbie. We'll try and deserve to be living next door to somebody like that."

**E**ASTER is here again. Have we been in England and Chadhaven only just over a year?

Over in the castle ruins I can hear the voices of Sandor and Chunkhead. It seems they're rescuing Debbie from the fiery dragon. They're making enough noise for the dragon, too.

Brad and Phil Cranstone are tinkering with the outboard engine of the dinghy. It's in pieces all over our lawn, and if they ever get it together again, it'll be a miracle. And even if they do, I'll bet they have a part left over and

Continued on page 12





## REACHING FOR THE RICHMOND TROPHY

By the Sports Editor

IT'S ice-skating time again, and on Monday next (4th November) there will be held the first big event of the season—the Richmond Trophy, an international competition for ladies. The other day I looked in at the Richmond Ice Rink (where the event will be held) and met two of the competitors—Szuzanna Almassy from Hungary, and England's Patricia Ann Dodd.



Two exciting leaps by Szuzanna Almassy and...



SUSIE is only just 13, and is the youngest of the 22 or so who will take part in the competition.

"I come from Budapest," she told me in her quaint English, "and I am here for two months."

It appears that there are only three rinks in Hungary, and these are in Budapest. Two are open-air, but the third is a covered arena and is used by professional skaters.

Susie has been skating since she was five, and when I asked her whether she had won any championships, she said:

"Yes, the junior championship in 1961 and the Second Grade in the following year."

In Hungary, once having won the junior championship, the title holder cannot compete in the event again, and has to move up a class. This is the Second Grade to which Susie referred, one step below the Senior Section. Earlier this year Susie competed in this higher section, and finished second. For a girl of 12 to hold that place among her country's best is a good indication of her skill.

Susie doesn't think she will finish near the top on Monday, but she hopes to put up a good show.

### Canadian Accent

PATRICIA is, at 15, England's youngest entrant. Tall and slender, she is as graceful as a ballet dancer, which is not surprising since she has ballet lessons.

When she spoke, there was evidence of a Canadian accent.

"Well, my parents and I are English," said Pat, "although I was born in Canada. We came home six years ago, but the accent seems to remain."

Like Susie, Pat too began skating when she was about five, and at seven won bronze medals for both figures and dances. She has had many successes since.

"I love ice-skating," she said, "and want to become really good. Fortunately my home almost overlooks this rink, so I'm able to get at least an hour or so on the ice every day."

Pat took part in the Richmond Trophy competition last year; it was her first attempt. Ranged against her were 18 skaters, most



... two striking shots of Patricia Ann Dodd



of them experienced in competitions. They included the remarkable Nicole Hassler of France, who went on to win the Trophy for the third year in succession. Pat gained sixth place, which in such company was a very good performance.

Win or lose on Monday, Pat will not relax. She will be getting ready for the British championships, to be held at the Wembley Empire Pool and Sports Arena on 9th November.

*Pictures by Staff Photographer*

## A CASTLE FOR THE KOPCHEKS

Continued from page 11

won't know where in the world it came from.

I have just finished making the beds for the five visitors we have from the hotel for the Easter holidays. And I've just heard Mama talking to Mr. Cranstone, fixing the time we shall all be ready on Bank Holiday morning, for we're all spending the day on Dr. Haisman's boat, and we're all going over in Mr. Cranstone's car.

There will be nine of us, including Chunkhead, so it looks as if Mr. Cranstone will have to make two journeys. Unless Sheila and I cycle over. We could do that. Oh, I do hope this lovely weather holds out! We have had a hard winter, and we need the sun.

If Sheila doesn't hurry up, I'm going across to make her hustle. Everything looks so wonderful from my window. There's a slight haze out to sea beyond the marsh, and from where I am I can't see a cloud anywhere.

Until Sheila comes, I'll go down and see if I can help Mama in the kitchen. Mama. Well, bless her heart, she's put roots deep down for us in happy soil—and there was a time when I said and felt I hated the place. And now I never want to leave Chadhaven and the friends we have here.

OH, it's such a wonderful day! And the forecast is fine tomorrow... and tomorrow... and the day after tomorrow...

THE END

© James Stagg, 1963. This serial has been adapted from the novel *A CASTLE FOR THE KOPCHEKS*, published by Ernest Benn, Ltd.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Crossword Puzzle (P. 4): ACROSS: 1 Mischief, 5 Rome, 7 Rotten, 8 Cannon, 9 Oak, 10 Razor, 11 Lowest, 14 Thank, 16 Delhi, 20 Biding, 22 Norse, 23 Rut, 25 Oppose, 26 Avenue, 27 Navy, 28 Dilatory. DOWN: 1 Mars, 2 Citizen, 3 Ignore, 4 Fickle, 5 Renew, 6 Einstein, 12 Eel, 13 Stubborn, 15 Add, 17 Earnest, 18 Agreed, 19 Entail, 21 Irony, 24 Bevy, (P. 10): Find the Man!: 1 Daffodil, 2 Iron, 3 Starfish, 4 Rocket, 5 Anchor, 6 Eleven, 7 Ladybird, 8 Ivy, —DISRAELI, Hidden Name: Stilton. Capital Quiz: Flying Firsts: J. e. T. Orville Wright (17th Dec., 1903). A. ls. O. Louis Bleriot (25th July, 1909). P. uc. K. Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown (Newfoundland to Ireland, 14th June, 1919). Names, please: Charlotte, Emily, and Anne; William and Arthur; Nikita; Richard and Oscar; Horatio; Edith; Fidel; Bernard. Three From One: Stem, hat, mica.

### DON'T MISS THIS!

Next week we shall be publishing Part One of a thrilling two-part story taken from the wonderful "escape" book *Airmen On The Run*.

The story is called: **THE LONG ARM OF THE ROYAL NAVY**

In CN next week!

### GOOD LUCK, IRELAND!

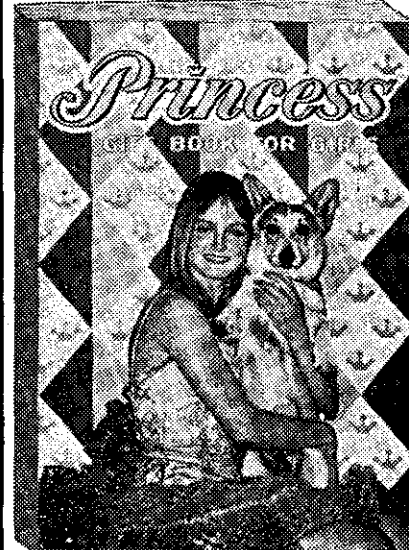
ANOTHER great day for the Irish? At Belfast this Wednesday, Northern Ireland meet Spain in the European Nations' Cup.

The luck—or unluck—of the draw has ended hopes of an all-Ireland final; the winners of this Wednesday's game will face Eire in the next round.

### ALL-ROUND ALFIE



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